

CANON BARNETT

Warden of the first University Settlement
Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, London

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS

BY HIS WIFE

"FEAR NOT TO SOW BECAUSE OF THE THIEVES."

IN TWO VOLUMES, WITH THIRTY NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

SAMUEL A. BARNETT stands preëminent as a shaper of new forms and habits in the ordinary round of human intercourse. He made ways of service interesting and commanding that had seemed dull and even repellent. Working with ingenuity and comprehensiveness as of the statesman of a new order to establish a proper physical and economic basis for the common life, he strove yet more for that rising of the spirit in every man apart from which none can either get or keep his larger birth-right of freedom and power. With a feeling like that of the Renaissance for all the good fruits of knowledge and beauty, he placed that highest valuation upon them of insistence that they could and should be made the possession of the whole people.

He set out to see specifically that these gifts should be provided in just measure to a given community made up of the humblest. He summoned to his help as citizens in it a succession of the most select young spirits of Oxford and Cambridge. A widely varied, quite unexampled, yet thoroughly consistent system of assistance, instruction, leadership in mutual aid, and, above all, unaffected fellowship across all dividing lines, came step by step into being. The result was the one distinctly new social institution that was developed in an era prolific of discovery in physical and mechanical science.

Important as Canon Barnett's work was toward bringing vital spiritual coherence to the oldest and ripest of the democracies having only the cleavages which can exist in a homogeneous people, it has furnished still deeper suggestions for a country which is in process of being haltingly fashioned together

PREFACE

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

A RECORD of the life of Canon Barnett has been eagerly looked for not only by his friends but by the large number of men and women whom his words and example have stimulated and inspired. There was only one person who could write this record. For the life which it presents was not a single life. It was, with a singularly beautiful community of mind and spirit, shared, understood, interpreted, and sustained by his wife. Indeed Canon Barnett used to say, with a characteristic touch of humility, that he was but the mouthpiece of his wife and had the courage of her opinions. The words which he used in the introduction to one of their joint volumes on *Practicable Socialism* are true not only of that book but of the whole life of its authors. "Each essay is signed by the writer, but in every case they represent our common thought as all that has been done represents our common work." Yet this very fact has imposed upon Mrs. Barnett a task of very exceptional delicacy and difficulty. When she undertook to write the Life of her husband her intention was to follow the usual method, and give an account of his life, of his teaching, and of his public work. But the friends who saw the plan of the book counselled her to give frankly and fully the only picture which could be true to the reality, the picture of two lives united in efforts, principles, and aims. All who knew Canon Barnett knew that this advice was right. But it is only due to the wider public whom this

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

out of all the races and nearly all the nationalities. An ever-increasing number of loyal companies intent upon putting this influence in practice have played their part amid the vast moral changes in American life during the last thirty years as our communities and the whole nation have been growing in a more humanly responsible sentiment. Not many of their members have had the precious experience of tracing their inspiration to its source. In these volumes all may find how surprisingly a whole new domain of effort for the studious, yet adventurous, building of democratic relationships had its creative beginnings in a single rarely consecrated, emancipated life.

ROBERT A. WOODS

South End House, Boston
May, 1919

THE PLAN OF THE BOOK

BY MRS. S. A. BARNETT, C.B.E.

It is very difficult to write a biography, and especially if the writer loves the character that is to be shown to the world. What is to be given, what withheld? Is the best to be revealed? Is it too good? Are faults to be told? Mrs. Tukes chronicled.

All through the time that this book has taken me to write, I have striven to bear in mind the standard of the greatest biographers of the Greatest Life. Those simple Galileans, in their eagerness to explain their Master, thought nothing too sacred to reveal, not even the fear of death nor the agony in the garden. They reported many a characteristic conversation, even if they got it from a suspected source, such as the woman of Samaria. They told of the depressions of fatigue, the mistaken judgment in a disciple's character, and of the error concerning a fact of natural history.

But it is hard to follow this lofty standard when the life and the love are so closely bound up with oneself. Many times have I been tempted to keep his best only for myself; but I have given of my gems, realising that it is not what a man *does* so much as what he *is* that helps forward striving souls, and my husband's tenderest depths could only be known to his wife.

I have therefore endeavoured to treat myself as a dramatist would, and, costly though it has been, to consider his wife as if she had not been myself. And when one is near the end of life, one feels that whatever the pain of publicity, it will soon be over, and then there will be left the evidences of the deep noble affection of a deep and noble character for his comrade, friend, and wife. Fearlessly therefore I have depicted him amid his father's sourness, his mother's love, his family's *bourgeois* ways and petty interests. With intention I have dwelt on his early manhood, and given in full

book will reach that it should understand why it must need be the presentation of a "marriage of true minds" and of an exceptionally perfect and fruitful comradeship.

As one who owes to Canon Barnett the first impulse to the service of his fellow-men and who enjoyed his stimulating friendship for many years, I deem it a privilege to be allowed to write these words of preface and explanation. Times have changed since he died. We stand on the threshold of a new age. But the lessons in this book of single-hearted service for God and man are of abiding value. "Even now abideth faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of these is love."

COSMO EBOR;

accepted positions which were hardly compatible with self-depreciation. His admiration for people was often exaggerated—and this must be remembered when his letters to me are read—yet it was paired to the most rigid criticism, and the refusal to be stretched for everyone with any standard less than that of his "Christed off." He shrank from and disliked any dealings with occultism, but he possessed, and recognised, a rare sensitivity for the unseen. For instance, I remember a walk at Antibes in the early seventies when he said:

"The next health campaign will be an open-air cure. Night and day, winter and summer, patients will be kept with only food better."

At least twenty years ago, when war was far from men's thoughts, he said:

"England will have to awake to an understanding of what her faith in Christianity means and then to fight for it."

Many years before Marconi staggered the world by his discovery, my husband wrote:

"Prayer may permeate an invisible medium and influence action, just as it may be found that electricity can permeate invisible ether and produce results."

All these traits make a very interesting character, all the more because his whole being was dominated by Religion. He talked very little about it, and positively disliked abstract discussions on the unknowable, but his normal attitude was one of worship of God, and Christ he felt to be his contemporary. This was the key note of his life, and among the multitude of notes that went to make his music, it could always be heard by all who listened, though its influence was more often felt than recognised.

A very full life is difficult to depict because of the large quantity of material. To select when all is interesting, needs the sympathy which tells not only what people want to know, but what they don't know they want. I have been helped by much kind advice. Bishop Ryle hoped the story would be told as much as possible in my husband's own words, for they were master-typed and often pregnant with thought. Mr. Alfred Spender bade me "soak" myself in Canon Barnett's writings, for "only thus could his biographer catch the unexpected originality of his ideas." Earl Grey, Dean Fremantle, Sir Edward Cook and many other friends begged that the *Memoir* should be a joint one of both our lives. The advice of all has been taken as far as it

many of the letters of that period, because they show the young man as nothing else can do, and because from them can be gathered the capacity for growth which was so distinctive a feature in my husband's nature. To him it was of no consequence by what channel the suggestion came, be it lovingly by the voice of a friend, or rudely from the impersonal press. As soon as he was shown a more excellent way, he immediately adopted it. Thus he grew more than anyone I have ever known, and this capacity for a changing sequence makes his biography very interesting. It could be said of him:

" Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled."

The evidences of this power of growing are scattered all over the book. It was the same man who at twenty-seven laid the poor drunken wretch on the floor of the van to travel for hours at the feet of the girl he loved, who became the courteous gentleman who never let his wife open the door for herself, and of whom one who had lived in Toynton Hall for many years wrote that he had "unfailing beautiful manners." It was the same man who in early life disappointed of illness and showed it by severity, whose presence in later years was eagerly looked for by the sick and dying. It was the same man who began his work among the poor with the sternest tenets of repressive relief, who yet became the advocate for free breakfasts for all school children, gratuitous medical relief, and universal pensions.

This power of growth made him provocatively puzzling, and also apparently inconsistent, an estimation which his enjoyment of paradoxes and epigrams accentuated.

His temper was naturally of the sweetest, yet he was often surprisingly censorious. His sympathy was both imaginative and subtle, and yet he would harden his heart against the most piteous evidences of poverty, if his economic principles were involved. His generosity in big matters was sometimes reckless, and yet his parsimony in small ones could be both comic and annoying. His patience was part of his religious dependence on God, and yet it was united to relentless ruthlessness for reform. His trust in human nature was all-embracing, yet no one investigated the statements of applicants more searchingly. His humility was one of the centres of his nature, and yet he assumed responsibilities and

and then found the system was abolished. Later in my husband's life, as experience taught him, he urged that pensions should be given to everyone. Neither in 1873 nor 1877 was he ready for the conclusion he finally came to. Thus it has been necessary to mention pensions in two separate chapters, viii and xlvii.

The two chapters on Entertainment might seem like repetition ; but the St. Jude's parties to teach self-respect to the degraded, and the Toynbee parties to break down class barriers, were quite different, even if both were aspects of the same principle.

The descriptions of the life, first in the small Orphan Home, and later in the larger training and Convalescent Home, may seem redundant ; but these Homes made much of the background of our lives, and part of every week we lived in them.

It is not my hope that all our friends will read the whole of this book. I cannot imagine, for instance, a learned judge, however deep his friendship for Canon Barnett, reading the girl chapters ; nor an erudite professor perusing those about school parties ; neither would even a friendly political economist tolerate the sketchiness of the chapters on relief or local government. But they may all like to see my husband's early efforts to obtain higher education ; and yet perhaps those chapters will be dull reading for the people who care only for housing reform, libraries, art exhibitions, or holidays for town children. One of the advantages of the group method is the opportunity it gives for selection. The contents, index, and page headings have all been prepared to enable the reader to concentrate on those aspects of thought and action which specially appeal to him, or to skip those in which he finds no interest ; but in every chapter the personality of the Canon is revealed.

I have made no effort to determine the relative importance of my husband's work. If he had done nothing else but what he accomplished in democratising higher teaching, or idealising elementary education, it would have been enough to stamp him as a leading educationalist ; but that branch of progressive endeavour was only one of his labours, and he could have taken a similar position in almost all the causes for which he worked.

It has not been without design that some of the word-pictures are painted in the pre-Raphaelite style and others by the impressionist method. For example, I have written of

has been possible. Indeed, it has been possible to make a very examination of the character of the work, and to find it partly responsible for the defects of the work.

Unlike most biographies, this book is not a life story, but it dealt with in subjects and events. It is not a life story, but it would be uninteresting if it were. It is not a life story, but it is such as the Exhibition which was held in 1883, and the Worship Hour which took place in 1884. It is not a life story, but it gathered my husband's life into a single volume. It is not a life story, but it tell each story straight, and in the order in which it happened. It is not a life story, but it is that when the history of the work is told, the events to be related to the history of the work. For instance, the Revolution of 1848, the elementary education charter of 1859, the initiation of Toynton Hall, and the adoption of my husband's teaching system, and among the rich chapters that follow the removal to Westminster to the first of the year.

The plan has also necessitated chapters on the same subject in different parts of the book. It is not a life story, but it degraded among our people, and it is not a life story, but it described in the first volume, and it is not a life story, but it matter from the charity of the work. It is not a life story, but it Barnett's thought that this was a very good thing, and it be dealt with towards the end of the book. It is not a life story, but it subjects I found those in the end of the book, and it is not a life story, but it difficult to compress. The work itself was not a life story, and unceasing. Indeed, there was not a life story, but it forty years' work together, and it is not a life story, but it the hopes for the children, and it is not a life story, but it output of thought and feeling. It is not a life story, but it were idle, and it is the encyclopaedia of the work. Barnett's articles that has made the work a life story, and all the more as his methods of expression, and it is not a life story, but it ment of principles are worth the study of.

In the earlier part of the book, the work is not a life story, but it tells of the destruction of the work, and it is not a life story, but it during 1872-83. In the second volume, the work is not a life story, but it the same subject, and it is not a life story, but it the story of the Hampstead Council, and it is not a life story, but it

The first volume, the work is not a life story, but it went to Whitechapel, to deal with the work, and it is not a life story, but it The second met the needs of the work, and it is not a life story, but it all their lives in the belief that they were not a life story, but it

written by Canon Barnett, and all of them contain the germ of the thought set out in the chapter.

It has taken me four years to write this book, years broken by sickness and frequent ill health, occupied by much public work, and dimmed by the canopy of war. It has been written for my husband's friends, not only for those who are learned and have cultivated minds, but also for the uncounted number of humble people who loved and followed him. I hope I have depicted him truthfully, and not made him appear too good. Sometimes when I read biographies I put them down at the end, grateful that I have not known any to equate or exemplify as the subject of the volume.

In one of Canon Barnett's letters to me he said:

"God be with you, God be in all who come near you to make them help you in what you want to do."

It was a large blessing, carrying with it great responsibility for what I "want to do." For the production of these volumes the prayerful blessing has been obtained, and from the patient labours of Miss Marion Paterson, Mrs. Leven, and Miss Doris Davies real help has come. To them all my thanks are joyfully rendered, and especially to the Rev. V. A. Hoyle, who has devoted much thought to affectionate criticism, and many hours to verifying reports and clarifying memories. Indeed without his restraining encouragement the task would have seemed too big for me, and the fire secured my efforts. His service to the memoirs is but another evidence of the generous devotion he rendered to my husband during the eight years they worked together in Whitechapel, 1884-92.

To all who care for progress I offer my book, fully conscious that it is but an inadequate picture of one of God's servants, whose whole being was permeated by the sense of His Presence, and who, convinced that "God had made man in His own image," realised that the main duty of humanity was to raise itself to its birthright.

"Who by to love do apprehend to be"—E. B. BROWNING.

the Toynbee Travellers' Club fully, and described the winter famine in detail, not because the first was more important than kindred Toynbee Societies, or the second of special interest; but because the reader is thus enabled to understand the work behind the other Toynbee Societies, and can realise the strength of the union of the Warden, the Residents, and Associates in any of the other public contests in which they were engaged. Behind the impressionist sketches he can supply the precision of the pre-Raphaelite details.

Many tales are told of our parishioners, and I could tell very many more. Indeed I have had to be stern with myself or I should have written too much of the noble actions, the delicate honour, and the fine consideration of our Whitechapel neighbours. But I have forbore, because the object of this book is to try to tell of the character and life of one man, and so the tales are only put in to paint the background of his life, or to illustrate some quality in his nature.

The same principle has been acted on in relation to friends who made the joy and strength of our lives. Many are not mentioned at all, others only cursorily, even if their work deserved a whole book to describe it. The principle of selection has been to speak of those who abode to the end, showing by their steadfastness that their gift of friendship has not been transient.

As we travelled a good deal, a short account of even the annual journeys would have absorbed too many pages, while to have printed all his letters from abroad, unstealtyped and attractive as they are, would have monopolised the book. So what I have done is to describe a few journeys at length and leave the others unmentioned.

The Canon's letters, when not inserted in the chapters, have been collected into batches and published with no relation except that of date sequence. My husband was a prolific letter-writer, writing rapidly and rarely changing a word. His correspondence, which, besides those to other friends, includes fifty-two letters a year to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barnett for thirty years, is very large; and a very many weeks spent in selecting which should be inserted, I am left with the sense that I need not have spent so much labour, for those included are no better than the many hundreds that are perforce excluded.

The interest in the mottoes consists in each one being

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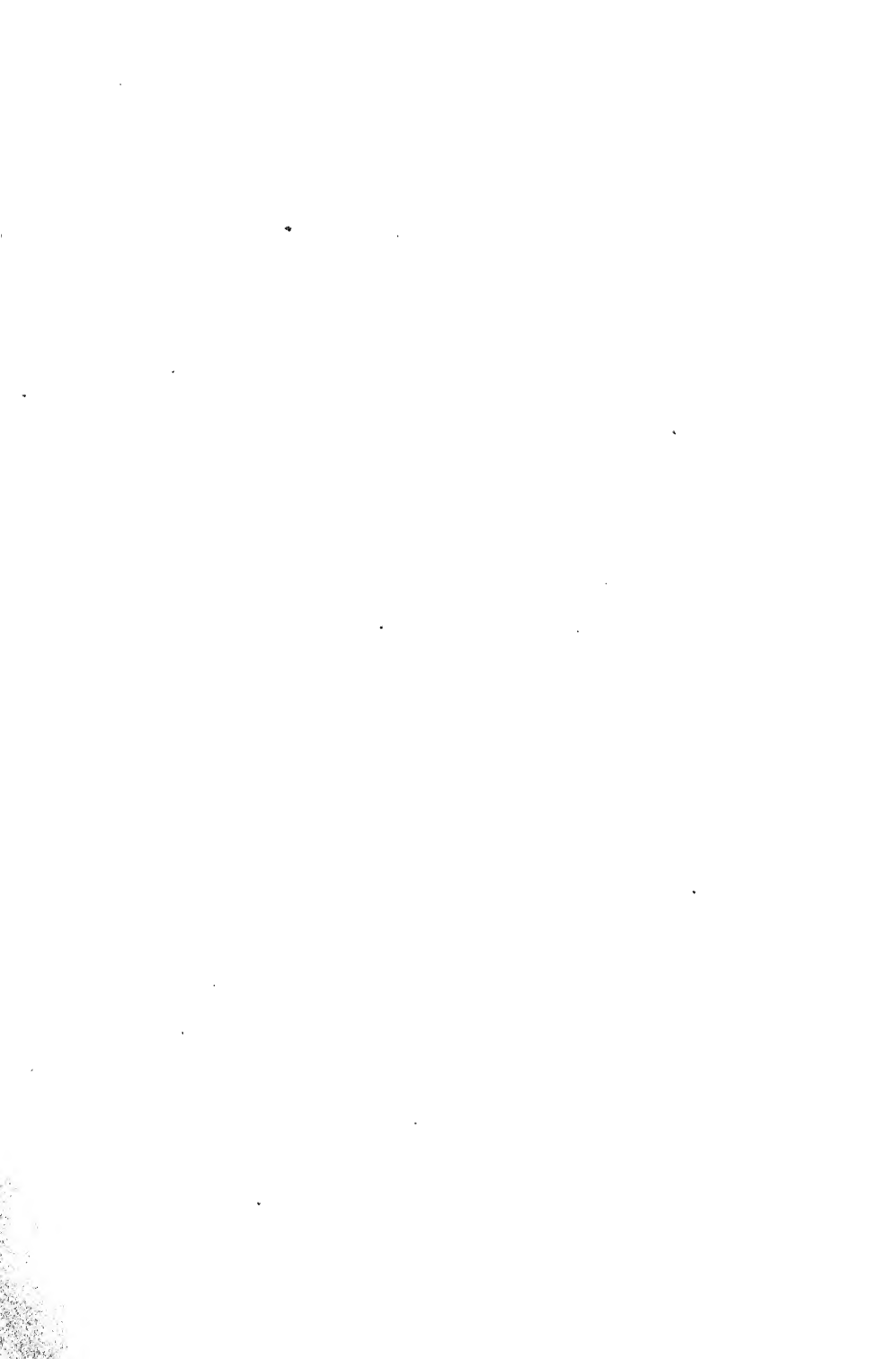
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CHARLES SNI

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REVIEWED BY

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11/11/1963

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WINDHILL	1866
VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	1867
CURATE AT ST. MARY'S, BRYANSTON SQUARE	1867-1873
MARRIAGE	January 28th, 1873.
VICAR OF ST. JUDEN'S, WHITECHAPEL	1873-1894
VISIT TO EGGER	1879-1880
WARDEN OF LOYDSBEE HALL	1884-1906
TOUR ROUND THE WORLD	1890-1891
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CANON BARNETT

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS

CHAPTER I

"Human nature is the best of its surroundings."

A small household was very happy on February 8th, 1844, for on the morning of that day to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Augustus Barnett a little son had been born. He had been greatly desired and long waited for, and at last had come with an unusually big head and tiny hands and feet. A fidgety child with restless ways, and sweet smiles rapidly given in response to those who served or amused him. Many a time has his mother told me of her first born child, and her fears that she would not rear him. But she did, thank God. He was christened Samuel Augustus, because for more than a hundred years there had been a Samuel Augustus in the Barnett family. He was born at 5, Portland Square, Bristol, where the first few years of his life were spent. The house, which still stands, is large and square, the windows overlooking the greenery of the central garden. The neighbourhood is now given over to business purposes, but it was then the heart of the residential quarter of the town.

The father of the baby, Mr. Francis Augustus Barnett, had started a foundry which became specially noted for iron bedsteads, he having been the first person so to use iron. He was in a large way of business, and when my duty as a member of the Departmental Committee on the Poor Law schools (1894-5) took me to workhouses and infirmaries, I often saw "Barnett" on the head of the old-fashioned massive iron bedsteads. Mr. F. A. Barnett's father, Mr. Samuel Augustus Barnett, was a timber merchant whose firm had existed for many generations. Mary, the glad mother of the baby, was the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

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sitting in the garden at Ambrose House, and the two boys tearing off to the orchard on hearing unusual sounds.

"What was the matter?" asked the grandfather on their return.

"Some boys after the apples," the lads replied.

"Did they get any?"

"No! we drove them away."

"Then let us go and give them some," said the old gentleman.

What a lesson in sharing, so simply given! I think it lay behind my husband's understanding of the attitude of the boy who stole some apples during the fortnight's holiday provided for him by the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and who, on being rebuked, said he was sorry he had stolen but could he be told where the public apple trees were to be found?

Of my husband's great great grandfather on his mother's side it is told that he was engaged in a large and profitable carrying trade with the West Indies, but it being borne in on his conscience that slavery was wrong, he declined to benefit by the results of slave labour and refused his ships to convey the goods. He knew when he acted that his decision would not stop slavery, nor prevent others from shipping the sugar, but his conscience was a matter between him and his God. So he took the step he counted right and saw the business sink and dwindle, instead of growing until it took its place among the millionaire shipping firms of great seaports, as his capital, capabilities, and integrity would have warranted. This decision is all the more interesting because it was acted on before Wilberforce had aroused the public conscience against slavery, and before Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had 1852 in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* touched the hearts of all English speaking people by the sorrows of our coloured relations.

From their mother came all the knowledge I have of the childhood of her sons. She told how they never quarrelled, that "Sam," as she usually called him, with more than a suspicion of the Somerset drawl, was delicate, retiring, and tractable, but took both pride and delight in his brother's love of mischief and greater physical vitality. They went together to a little boys' school, and my peaceable husband bore in his manhood's memory his secret joy at Frank's first school fight, and his thrilling interest in all the arrange-

Gilmore. She had been five years old when my husband died.

On July 3rd, 1846, another son, Mr. A. Barnett, called Frank after his mother. From then on, the two boys were bound together by the strongest affection, and all through their lives, until separated by death in March 1888, they were inseparable. One week, Saturday being the last day of the month, Frank, and Monday a postscript to the family, brother's reply.

Mrs. Francis Barnett's father, Mr. A. Barnett, was a ship owner, his many vessels trading all over the world, to and from Australia. He was a man of a high character, and pleasant table, and a most agreeable personality. The family lived in a small house at the Hot Wells, Chichester, a place which can be seen from the balcony of the Royal York Crescent. The garden was the scene of the happiest hours of the boy's childhood. There, with the two elder boys and the three maiden aunts who were his playmates, the paddock and the orchard were his playground, the river Avon were his playground, and the fruit-eating, to mention a few of his pleasures, the river and through the house. The house was not only a kind large brother, but a most self-contained, carrying on his own business, were weakened by family dissension. I have heard my husband tell me that he was present when his grandfather, after a long time as to the nature of its interest, after a long time that after making up the accounts of the property and ascertaining that he had made a fortune, he had determined to return and give to his tenants, and had that afternoon given to the duty—an individual and a family principle. Such a moral lesson naturally awakened discussion, and Aunt Anne, offered opposition as to the plan, for the whole family were generous and welcomed fresh meetings. Another tale of that joyful day was the family

and one of the happiest memories of my engagement was the time when we had together when he took me to see the lovely backgrounds of his boyish days.

When the boys were respectively about six and eight years old their father built two houses in Whitechapel Road, Chertsey Station only a road leading into the country, now a busy train-hairst thoroughfare. The houses were called 'Sambor' and 'Freedom', and into Sambor House the family moved, thus enabling the boys to enjoy, close to their own home, a real garden, the delights of which had only hitherto been known by visits to their grandfather's house.

On March 25th, 1860, Mr. Gilmore died, aged 86, and soon after his death he was taken up. Of it one of the family wrote:

I, F. G. H., write this, the day after his death, and express my warmest affectionate remembrance to his wife and indulgent mother. I recall the many happy days we spent in his house, and the many golden quivers from his bow, and the many golden words from his lips. I recall the many happy days we spent in his house, and the many golden quivers from his bow, and the many golden words from his lips. I recall the many happy days we spent in his house, and the many golden quivers from his bow, and the many golden words from his lips.

When Mr. Barnett was Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, he referred to these childish days:

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The influence left by this household on the lives of the two boys was not only happy, but deep and permanent.

It used to be so in my grandfather's house. There were words often on my husband's lips in reference to some generous or quieting suggestion, and the tales of the sea-going ships, their captains, their crews, their warmly welcomed home-coming, and their prayerful out-coming were evidences of the union of heart and labour that old Mr. Gilmore infused into his business relations, and that all through their lives

ments for the surreptitious contest. Another of their childish escapades could never be forgotten, for the depleted Worcester and Crown Derby china sets still bear witness to a certain party afternoon when, told to be quiet, they both withdrew into an unusual and delightful "cubby-hole" made by the flap-table on which the tea and coffee cups had been set ready for the guests. To combine gently to push the two flaps back to the wall was a delightful game, till suddenly all the crockery fell off, and the account that "Father was very angry, but Mother seemed only frightened in case we were hurt," sums up a whole realm of childish memories, from which the enwrapping and absorbing love of "Mother" was never absent.

She also told me a story of having arranged that "the boys" should meet her after her drive to go to visit some fastidious relation, and her annoyance at seeing her first-born in clothes none of which were in order or matched, from his socks to his untidy tie. She was vexed as she could not take him with her, but her rebuke brought out the fact that he was colour-blind and could not see the difference of tint or tone over which she was worried. Years of experience taught him more what to expect in colours, and that it was red in all its variations which he could not see. A regiment of scarlet-coated soldiers and the field they were crossing appeared to him all alike, and his best tribute to my healthy appearance was—

"You do look well, with lots of blue in your cheeks," or—

"You are jolly to-day; your eyes and your cheeks match," words which conjure up a picture of a wife, to live cheerfully with whom must have required on his part much spiritual affection.

With his inability to see colour, it is strange that from his boyhood he was enthusiastic in his admiration of beautiful scenery. The family's walks and drives, the seaside resorts, and the journeys, were all settled in accordance with what "the boys" wanted. Frank claimed some amusement and his brother demanded scenery, and so, Tenby, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Shanklin, Jersey, became well known during the holiday weeks, and the horses took them to all the most beautiful spots round Clifton, Brockley Coombe, Portishead, Almondsbury, the woods above Weston, Dundry, and the hills and dales of the Mendips. Frank did not care for riding, for he was too near-sighted to make it safe, but my husband rode well and vigorously,

pew and see the little girl. Mrs. Green remembers those childish days, for she wrote:

"The children were . . . the youngest of my family, used to walk to the school, and to sit at the desk, and it was a pleasant surprise to me to find that the boys were not so different from me as I had thought. Mr. Bennett and I were glad to see them, and to hear that they were all so well, and to hear that they were all so well."

That the children were "spoiled," as the word is used, there can be no doubt, if to have every desire lovingly gratified is to spoil human character. The extraordinary prominence given by both parents to nice food and fruit could not have been a wholesome influence, but this was of less importance than their yielding to "the boys' childish fancies of going to school." That he had not been wisely consulted was my husband's bitter regret, and made him give much ungrudging time to consider the best means of education for individual characters. He had not even the advantage of being turned loose in a large library, for his father was mentally indolent, and though he had considerable intellectual capacity he would not exert himself either to read or select books for others to read. Thus until he was sixteen my husband lived at home, and studied intermittently under tutors. He passed the Cambridge Junior Local examination in December 1856, when he was nearly fifteen years old, and took the Senior paper two years later. He was often out of health, and being never free from doctors and the anxious care of his devoted mother, the ground was ploughed for the sowing of those seeds of nervousness which in later life we had to fight so strenuously or he would have become hypochondriacal.

It was always his intention to take Holy Orders, and though he had very definite inclinations towards business, and was not indifferent to the claims of his father's non-works as they grew in size and wealth, he never seriously reconsidered his boyish plans.

At sixteen he went as a weekly boarder to a grammar, and of that experience he had only painful memories. His fellow students were young men who had either been expelled from school or had failed in one way or another, and from them the sensitive had learned of evil from which he had hitherto been protected. Gentle as he was, I have heard him speak with disgust of the boys, and indignation at the highly paid tutor for his neglect of them, at the same time

affected the attitude that both brothers adopted concerning employer and employed.

Among my valued possessions is an old scrap-book made by very small fingers and treasured by the mother. For my husband it was a rich storehouse of childish memories revived by quaint old prints of the favourite holiday haunts, wonderful valentines, and crude drawings. Of one bare page his mother told how it contained a picture which both the boys greatly admired. Frank frequently demanded that it should be coloured, a demand the elder brother steadily resisted, until one day when Frank was ill with some nursery complaint, the step was taken, the picture torn out, the finer shading and delicate outlines smothered in greens and reds and blues and pinks, put on in a jumble by self-sacrificing fingers guided by colour-blind eyes, and the picture carried in delight to Frank's bedside. Here the child was father to the man; he always so *enjoyed* offering his sacrifices.

Another tale of their early days shows the characters of both brothers, Frank's infectious delight in boyish pranks and his brother's sympathetic co-operation. In one of their walks they met a donkey-cart on which sat an old market-woman fast asleep. Quietly to turn the patient beast and to set him on the way towards his stable instead of towards the town was easily accomplished amid the hushed laughter of both. But the continuation of the tale is that the joke perpetrated and enjoyed, my husband ran after the cart and once more set the sleeping dame on the road towards the market. All his life he appreciated practical jokes and mischief-loving boys, and enjoyed repeating stories such as the above even when they had no such kindly conclusion. Among them there was one when Frank, assisted by his mother, dressed up as an elderly lady and called as a patient on a doctor friend who had lately set up a practice at Clifton, and as he, Frank, was a very good actor and mimic, both the interview and the account of it became rich veins in the family mine of laughter.

The first person whom my husband was ever conscious of admiring was Mrs. T. H. Green—then Charlotte Symonds—an admiration which continued to the end of his life. She was two or three years older than he was, and the elders had no acquaintance, but both families worshipped at the same church. Mr. Barnett has told me how he used to be allowed to stand on the seat so as to look over the high

CHAPTER II

"The mother with her gift of love lives longer than the father with his gift of bread, and her picture is the greatest picture in the world."

ON June 18th, 1862, Samuel Augustus Barnett's name was entered at Wadham College, and in the following September he went into residence. Of his three years at Oxford he always spoke with appreciation, though he regretted that for want of sympathetic guidance he had not used its opportunities to the full. It was only after much persuasion that Mr. Francis Augustus Barnett allowed his son to go to the University, for he dreaded influences of which he had heard but vaguely, not being on terms of intimacy with the class whose sons unquestioningly go to College. To mitigate the horrors of free-thinking, he selected Wadham, because its Warden, Dr. Simmonds, was an unbending Tory and a rigid evangelical, virtues which were not calculated to appeal to a young man who, mentally awakened, was questioning all things.

For Wadham College my husband felt a great affection, and much appreciated Miss Harrison's gift of a water-colour sketch showing the view from the windows of his attic rooms, which were on the northern side of the quadrangle looking north. The drawing is accurate, and from its minor details the present Warden of Wadham, Mr. Wells, our friend of many years, was able to locate which of the pair of rooms on that staircase had been occupied by my husband.

The rooms themselves were furnished as nine out of every ten college diggings are furnished, with the remnants of the possessions of past occupants, but the pictures and embellishments which generally speak of the taste and individuality of the present tenant were in the case of my husband but few, though those few give illustrations of the dearth of his knowledge of, or interest in art, a side of life which afterwards became deeply important to him. His

expressing regret that the methods of his own education had left him so capable of suffering by the talk of brutal and bullying boys. It was perhaps this experience at the crammer's which may have caused his shrinking from any talk, however pure or necessary, on sex questions.

At seventeen he went in preparation for Oxford for a year to the Rev. T. Hulme, in whom he found a strong and guiding mind, and in whose home life he joined and formed friendships which bore the wear of many years. Mr. Hulme's influence on his pupil was intellectually stimulating, and his method the wise one of asking questions on facts and suggesting problems for thought. My husband always gave him the thanks due to one who had shown him how to work his brain, and had taught him that thinking was a pleasure.

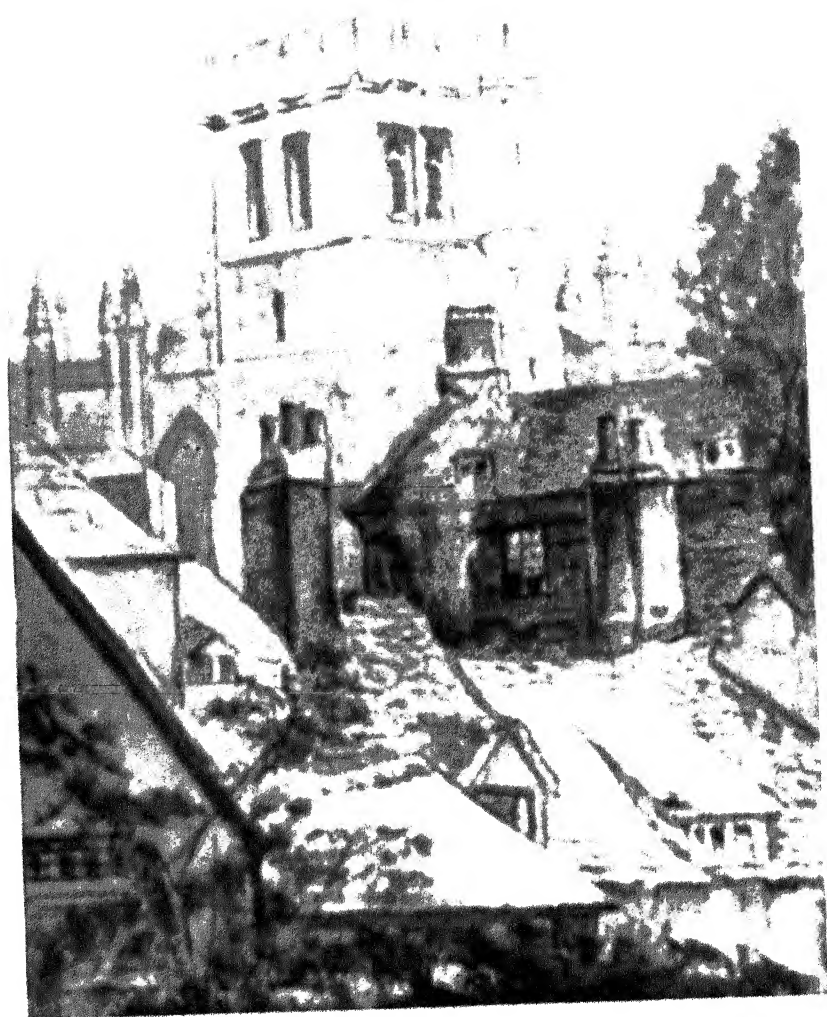


Fig. 1. The town of Leningrad, showing the old city and the new city.

pictures were some family portrait groups, two small prints of Landseer's stags, the College arms represented in appalling bead needlework, a photograph of the outside of Wadham College, and another of himself in uniform with other members of the Volunteer Rifle Corps. Of his work within those rooms I have not much written evidence, for my husband did not keep early papers and the few he did preserve throw but little light on his mind. Of the life within those rooms I have often heard him say:

"I made the mistake of using my time at Oxford to grind at books rather than to know men."

"Culture comes by contact" was a favourite epigram, and probably his labours to bring men together, to found "Students' Unions," and to organise occasions for social intercourse, were the result of the realisation of what he had lost from the lack of companionship of many minds at a time when his own was seeking the intellectual food that is best assimilated by the stimulus of talk.

Just before my husband entered Wadham, there had been a set of distinguished undergraduates, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Dr. Bridges, and Mr. Richard Congreve, but the men who were in residence when he joined the college have made no mark on their time. Those with whom he came into touch were either genuinely religious, holding prayer-meetings in each other's rooms, relating experiences of their inner life, and urging freshmen to accept their tenets and find salvation; or else they had been reared in that school of thought and were eager to throw it off and escape from its trammels on their conduct; while a third set were mediocre persons who neither thought, said, nor did anything of consequence. My husband had a great power of steadfast friendship, and for many years after our marriage we kept up relations with those uncongenial friends, but Whitechapel was not attractive to them. Face to face with our chosen life, they showed understanding neither of his character nor ideals, and one could only conclude that he had given them friendship out of the goodness of his heart, and that they followed him, partly as men do follow those they do not understand and yet wish they did, and partly for the loaves and the fishes of his kindness and his mother's exuberant hospitality.

When my husband's father had agreed to his entering the University, it had been tacitly understood that his allowance of £200 a year should not be exceeded, and that

the period of three years should not be extended. To keep these conditions the docile son, whose health was always weakly, cut down his expenditure to the injury of his digestion, and crammed the work for the Honour schools into three years instead of the usual four. He used to laugh in after-years, when we spent so much time at Oxford, drawing word-pictures of himself with his head wrapped in wet towels, cups of strong and long-made tea standing by his side, his oak sported, wholly given up to examination work.

"I was," he said, "what we in those days called a smug!"

He rowed a little, being pleased when he was put in the "Torpids," an event which happened only, as he used to hasten to say, when the boat was in a bad way. His style was certainly both graceful and forcible, and one had with him a feeling of enjoyable safety because of his dexterous handling of the boat. He played fives, as later he played tennis, with a certain "glib astuteness" which made up for strength, but his chief relaxation was walking. Early in the afternoon after a wickedly austere and indigestible lunch, he would start off for a walk, often alone but sometimes with a friend, both wearing, if on a Sunday, their tall chimneypot hats, until the turnpike was reached, where they were left to be called for on the return journey.

Very long and varied were these walks, full of minor adventures, the young undergraduate then utilising a power which he possessed of an innate consciousness of the points of the compass regardless of sun or stars. So unerring was this sixth sense that he unhesitatingly relied on it, and part of the pleasure of those walks was to go far afield by the roads and then return across country to Oxford. In later years Professor Galton was greatly interested in this mental possession of my husband's. He tested it carefully and said he had only met one other man—Herschell—who had a similar well-defined capacity. He pressed my husband to explain if he arrived at his assurance by deduction from data, but Mr. Barnett was unable to satisfy him, only asserting that he always knew by day or night which was north, south, east, or west, and that he guided his ways by that conviction.

For daily purposes this faculty was not of much value, but in walking tours we always depended on it, and once when we were on the Nile, it was of use to the wider world.

at the College, where he was indelibly impressed with the advantages and disadvantages of the Public-school system, and with the strength of opinion in the boyish world, which strangled some characters and sustained others.

The object of giving two years to teaching was to save enough money to visit America, a hope that was realised in 1867. He roughly mapped out his journey so as to include New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Georgia, and New Orleans, and obtained some introductions, mainly to business people. The civil war was but recently over, and he came across many instances of the intense feeling which had been aroused by it. His own sympathies were with the north, but in spite of his inherited principles against slavery, he had always an apologetic appreciation of the dignified generous-hearted free-living ex-slave-owners of the Southern States. He wrote constantly to his mother—who unfortunately did not keep his letters—and spoke in later years with admiration of the silence with which she bore her anxiety when parting from him for so long and distant a journey, understanding, with the quickened sympathy of his manhood, what it must have meant to her who had hitherto kept him under her enshrouding wings. The net result of his American experiences is summarised by Mr. W. Francis Aitken, who in his book on *Canon Barnett* quotes him as saying—

“Born and nurtured in an atmosphere of Toryism, what I saw and heard there knocked all the Toryism out of me.”

He returned to Bristol in 1867, and on December 22nd Samuel Augustus Barnett was ordained Deacon and entered on his work as Curate of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, then under the charge of the Rev. W. H. Fremantle. The following year he took Priest's Orders at a service to which his mother's presence added a quiet joy.

This seems a fitting time to describe my husband's father and mother, though as what is written includes my observation of them, it is not limited to this period of their lives.

From her portraits, Mrs. Barnett could not have altered much, for her early ones show the lady I was introduced to when she was sixty years old, a short somewhat thickly made woman, with small twinkling eyes, a long fallow face, a loosely set jaw, black hair, and a sweet firm mouth. She was undoubtedly plain in feature and form, untidy in

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was travelling with us, had gone for a solitary walk and had struck out into the desert. We were sitting on deck chatting and sketching, when old Ali our dragoman came with frightened face and pointed out that the sun had become invisible because of a grey mist, and that the elderly gentleman had not come back, and that it would soon be dark. No time was lost in calling some of the men, saddling two asses, and following the direction taken by the truant philosopher. After a long search and much shouting, he was found, thoroughly frightened and greatly annoyed with himself, but tired enough grudgingly to accept the assistance of the ass. How grateful we were when, guided by this rare sense of location, my husband brought them all safely back to the dahabéeh out of the foggy desert and the danger of hyenas.

Of the religious life of Mr. Barnett while he was at the University I have but little information, but I know that he greatly disliked the undergraduates' prayer-meetings, feeling that it was neither healthy nor modest to examine other people's souls nor to expose his own. That his faith was alive and practical there is a proof in what one of the men who lived on his staircase told me of my husband's tenderness to him when he was sore stricken by the suicide of his brother, and of the consolation he gave by the assurance of his belief in the immortality and undying progress of the soul.

Three years were soon over and in 1865 Samuel Augustus Barnett took his B.A. Degree, having obtained Second-class Honours in law and history, a School since abolished. If ever he spoke of his Honours, it was with regretful contempt, saying he could have done so much better, had his tutors understood how to use his powers. He also thought that his attempt to put so much work into so short a time had prevented him from feeling the indirect and vitalising influences of the University, and that for want of wise guidance he had probably missed Oxford's greatest gift. Be that as it may, he was no doubt helped by his place in the Schools to obtain pupils, and for the next year he lived on at Oxford and supported himself, greatly enjoying the time for wider reading. Indeed, the experience of that year made him a persistent advocate of the provision of post-graduate courses, when individuality had had time to assert itself and to recognise what it wanted to study.

The following year was spent in Winchester as a master

hung like a pall over the household, stilling the very life out of the finer natures of his wife and sons. On the other hand, he had valuable virtues. He was a pure minded and clean living man, painthous in all financial matters, just to his work people, but so cautious that he trusted no one and thus obtained the bad service given by the untrusted. He was also too perversely honourable to make improvements. For instance, he had always made the legs of the iron bedsteads solid. When other manufacturers invented hollow legs Mr. Barnett refused to adopt them, thinking that it was not according to the honourable conduct of his business that legs should look solid and be hollow. He was mentally clever enough to create a considerable business, but not usually clever enough to retain it, and during the last two decades of his life it slowly dwindled till it died away. He was supposed to be a staunch Conservative, but his conservatism consisted of gibes at the Liberals, whom he usually termed "these Radical fellows." He had no conception that his son held his political views with any earnestness, or had left the party faith of his family as a duty and with regret, and generally treated his opinions as a subject for jokes.

My husband always held idleness to be a moral sin of deep significance, and I have heard him both in private and in public speech use strong words on idleness, especially mental sloth. "Idleness is the devil," was an oft repeated sentence of his.

Probably his father's character helped him to this view, for Mr. F. A. Barnett was a transfigured person when he was interested enough to heat himself. During journeys this was particularly noticeable, and my husband's tales of what "Father" did and said when he took him as a boy of twelve to Ireland and they jaunted in cars from place to place were always pleasant and surprising. A journey to Paris when he was about seventeen with both parents, his brother, and two of his aunts, also provided occasions for remembrances of his father as an interested and pleasant companion, and I recall long drives to Weston or Chesham when the interest of the miss, the weather, the staying power of the horses, or the obtaining of the best possible food, kept his intelligence awake and amiable. It was the same thing with books. If he came across a book which took his fancy he would master it with self forgetting thoroughness. Indeed, we have often used

her dress, and homely in her ways, but all this one instantly forgot when she smiled. She seemed to radiate love and kindness, generosity and hopefulness. She was shrewd in judgment and conjecture, rather positive in opinion, and persistent in pursuit of her plans, which were generally plans for helpfulness to be silently rendered to some seedy individual. She held with delightful inconsequence all sorts of inconsistent religious and social views, but they all had the same source, the deep well of her charity.

"They may be wrong but they mean right," was her summing-up of many questions touching the family, the social circle, or the political world. She read the newspapers and followed the affairs of the day with keen interest, usually siding with the weak. She talked ineffectively and uninterestingly, but often made short suggestive remarks, and was a patient and sympathetic listener. She had a keen sense of a joke, but her stories were rarely successful because she laughed so much in the telling. She had no ambitions for anyone, least of all for herself, but she enjoyed pouring out lavish hospitality on anyone who appreciated her boys. She was kind to her servants, who never left her except to be married, and who received with other gifts one silver spoon for each year of service. She was a devoted daughter and a patient wife, but her heart's love was showered on her boys, and her first-born was the centre of her existence. For him she thought and planned and feared and prayed, her faith in him never failing.

Of my husband's father it is difficult to write. He was tall, well-made, and more than usually good-looking, with large and beautifully shaped eyes and regular features. He was extremely pleasant to look at, but was not easy to live with. His assumption of his right to the best of everything, be it food, the easiest seat in the carriage, or the only umbrella, and of its being the first, if not the sole duty of his wife, to serve him, was very trying to witness, and I have often seen my young husband turn away with a gesture of impatient self-control.

"Why do you allow him to be so selfish?" I indignantly said to Mrs. Barnett one day when he had kept her and my husband, who was unwell, sitting in the carriage waiting in the noisiest city thoroughfare until he chose to come.

"Ah! my dear," she said, "it does not do to vex him, for it's what comes after," and I slowly learnt that what "came after" were long days of unbroken sulkiness, which

and the place, St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, where it was preached. How his father got it, my husband never knew. We found it among his papers after his death, and from various signs concluded it must have been written out from memory. In any case it evinced an affection and a capacity for devotion which had it been known or shown, would have made the wife, the boys, and the father all happier and stronger to endure and progress.

his knowledge of Dickens to try to rouse him from his dour gloom, and never in the tiniest incident was he found in error. He did not care for the pathetic part of the great novelist's works, but every page of *The Pickwick Papers* and each joke of even the most subordinate character was known, enjoyed, and remembered.

One could not wish his wife to have been less unselfish or less eager in her gifts of affectionate service, but had she made more demands on what was best in his nature, or not permitted unkindness to go unrebuked, different results might have been produced. Who can tell? But I think this belief was at the bottom of a quaint remark my husband made to many brides, "It is a wife's first duty to make her husband uncomfortable," leaving it where it was if no inquiry were made, but explaining to those who asked his meaning that the best wife was she who cared for the higher life of the dear one, which would probably result in making him uncomfortable. It would have been much better for old Mr. Barnett if people had had the courage to stand up to him, but no one did, except Canon Rawnsley, then an energetic public-spirited dancing hard-working laughter-loving curate at St. Barnabas', Bristol. He was devoted to Mrs. Barnett, who made him welcome at all hours of the day and night with a latchkey homeliness. One day at dessert Mr. Rawnsley had prepared an orange in an ingenious cuplike shape, and passed it round the table for distribution and admiration.

"Ugh," grunted old Mr. Barnett, when it came to him, but too indolent to reach out his hand to pass it.

"Won't you have some, sir?" asked Mr. Rawnsley.

"Ugh," was the only reply.

"Well, sir! put your bad temper in it and then pass it on," said Mr. Rawnsley, which so surprised his host that he obeyed! I delighted in the audacious guest and his brightly given Christian message, and I have delighted in him ever since.

Of Mr. Barnett's affection for his children I have no doubt, but he was content to allow it to be taken for granted, giving evidence of it only when illness threatened, or when their success aroused paternal pride. When I remember the old man's forbidding ways, and the frequent occasion of annoyance which he caused his family, I am moved by a discovery of his love for my husband. In a copy-book now lying before me, in his clear business hand is written out his son's first sermon, the date, February 9th, 1867,

CHAPTER III

"At every great crisis of history the most notable circumstance is the rise of the human spirit—the coming of Christ."

WITHOUT a clear recognition of the social conditions of 1866, Mr. Barnett's work or his ideals for those to whose service he then dedicated his life cannot be understood.

In 1851-60 the death-rate in England and Wales was 20·2 per 1,000 ; forty years later in 1891-1900 it was reduced to 18·2 ; figures which gain in significance when compared with 13·7 in 1914 and 6·68 in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Among infants the mortality had reached the enormous proportion of 154 per 1,000,¹ and all observers agreed that the defective housing of the wage-earning class was the main cause. The Archdeacon of Coventry wrote :

1868.—The Sanitary Acts are only permissive and partial in their administration ; owners of wretched house-property defy interference and the authorities are supine. . . Englishmen and Christian men tolerate schemes of festering corruption for both body and soul, where everything tends to crush self-respect, engender and facilitate vice, and to make a night's repose hideous and unholy ; where decency is outraged, shame unknown, and chastity impossible.²

Lord Shaftesbury, giving evidence before the Housing Commission of 1884, speaking of London in the sixties, said in reference to a district in Bermondsey :

1884.—It was a large swamp where a number of people lived, as they do in Holland, in houses built upon piles. . . So bad was the supply of water there that I have positively seen the women drop their buckets into the water over which they were living, and in which was deposited all the filth of the place, that being the only water they had for every purpose of washing and drinking.³

¹ In 1914 the figure was 108 per 1,000, and in the Hampstead Garden Suburb the corresponding figure was 31 per 1,000.

² *Social Work in London*, by Helen Bosanquet, LL.D.

nisance of all relief to the poor. Dr. Guy went a step further and wrote :

What educationalists have to do is to instruct (if they *can* be taught) the large dole-giving community, and to get them punished, as did our ancestors some centuries ago ; but, above all, to purge the nation of the hypocrisy which sends the mendicant to prison, while for the great central vice of dole-giving it has only mild reproofs, or even gentle commendation.¹

Added to the indiscriminate giving of individuals was the injurious and corrupting relief provided by the Poor Law authorities, and charitable societies, offered with little consideration for the effect on the character, or the future of the recipient. "Thieves' suppers" and "Prostitutes' meetings" were then considered as desirable and useful, and Sir Charles Trevelyan's wise words were resented as showing want of sympathy on his part. He wrote :

We are doing all we can to form the thieves and prostitutes into a class. Without such help they could not consist as a class, but must be brought face to face with the Poor Law and the police, and then there would be an end of them¹—

an optimistic opinion which has, alas ! not yet been justified.

In a spirit of helpfulness many societies and agencies were established, among the most prominent being "The Society for the Relief of Distress," founded in 1860 ; "The Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association," 1843 ; "The Strangers' Friend Society," 1785 ; "The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity," 1818 ; "The Parochial Mission Women Fund," 1860 ; "The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes," 1844. Added to these large organisations, there arose many others connected with churches, chapels, and preaching centres, which in their turn distributed coal and bread tickets, and established soup kitchens, boot funds, shelters, and other channels of irregular relief. All these societies pursued their respective labours, sometimes obtained funds by exaggerated statements, and often relieved the same cases in ignorance of each other's action. The whole system, if it could be called a "system," was wasteful and ineffective, but its worst result was its evil influence on the poor, who were taught to beg, to prevaricate and to lie about their circumstances, to avoid work as less profitable than cadging, and to count

¹ *Social Work in London*, by Helen Bosanquet, LL.D.

Where a material gift comes as a witness of real love, it is the love that is the all-absorbing thought, not the gift, be it ever so much needed. . .

I cry out to myself in the courts every day, "What a frightful confusion of chances as to how or whether there is to be food or not!" A man accepts underpaid work; a little is scraped up by one child, a little begged by another; a gigantic machinery of complicated charities relieves a man of half his responsibilities, not once and for all clearly and definitely, but help here and there. There is no certainty, no quiet, no order in his way of subsisting. And he has an innate sense that his most natural wants ought to be supplied if he works; so he takes our gifts thanklessly; and then we blame him or despise him for his alternate servility and ingratitude.

And how, reared amid the smells of insanitary homes, surrounded by the roughs, the beggars, the workless, and the weakly, did the children fare in those days of fifty years ago? Badly, very badly, and it was the suffering of the children which provoked the deepest indignation among reformers and ultimately led to some remedies. "A little child shall lead them" became true. Dr. Stallard said:

1868.—The masters and mistresses of ragged schools declare that the children continually cry with hunger, and frequently fall exhausted from their seats for want of food, and that it is impossible to teach them in such a state.

The out-relief given by the Guardians was cruelly inadequate—as it still is—and though it is not possible at this distance of time to compute what numbers of metropolitan children were "destitute of proper guardianship and exposed for the most part to the training of beggars and thieves," yet the Poor Law statistics show that "on January 1st, 1868, no less than 68,435 children under sixteen were on the books, and in the course of the half-year the number would be nearly treble.¹

To remedy such evils, a few people were giving thought and time, and many people were giving doles, doles which insulted the receiver as well as condemned the giver, whose charity cost him nothing, not even the self-control of a passing emotion. Indeed so serious had become the action of "the frivolous public . . . which supported the great army of beggars and made laziness and imposture more profitable than work," thereby creating pauperism, that in 1870 a Special Committee of the Social Science Association issued a report which urged the Government to take cog-

¹ At that time the London School Board had not been created, and such education as existed was given by religious denominations, and by the philanthropic organisations which provided the schools so unfortunately called "Ragged."

were stirring and seething in his brain, was a real help to him. We were differently moulded; his thoughts ran more upon Sociology, mine upon Theology; but we were both alive to the connection and inter-dependence of the two. I do not think either of us had read much at that time. *Robertson's Sermons* was the first book mentioned between us. They had taken great hold on me, and I was glad to find that he thought there were none like them. He was also greatly attracted by Carlyle. . .

One frequently met men in Barnett's rooms. This dropping in upon him, without notice and often for a long talk, was a practice that I have thought since he must often have felt an inconvenient one. But he never gave any sign of it: one seemed always welcome, no matter what he was about. I am afraid I was most unscrupulous in the use I made of the privilege. He knew my knock and almost always opened the door himself.

Another only less frequent visitor was the Vicar of St. Luke's, Nutford Place, the Rev. T. W. Fowle. He was some years older than either of us, but not too old to assort well; a very able thinker and expresser of his thoughts; of sparkling wit and eager temperament; as high-spirited as a boy, but withal, rather easily cast down. He threw himself eagerly upon our friendship, and made us feel that he delighted in it, as we did in his. He was full of the thoughts of the day, Darwin and evolution, Huxley, Herbert Spencer. He proposed to read Philosophy together, and we took up Descartes, and then Locke, meeting in 34, Upper Montague Street, your husband's rooms, and constantly sitting into the small hours a.m. A most happy trio we were, our types of mind very different, but on the broad common basis of liberal thought and earnest inquiry into the truth of things we formed a really good combination. *O noctes caenaeque Deum*. Those symposia will always be among my most cherished memories. Alas! that they remain now with me alone.

Nor should I forget the Sunday evening suppers with our Rector, and the opportunities they gave for talking over the parochial machinery and the broaching of new ideas; when, whether reviewing what had been or suggesting what would be done, Barnett was sure to have something interesting to say. But neither then nor at any other time did he ever obtrude himself, or say anything but with the modesty that became his position as junior curate. He spoke always as one who would rather have his thoughts drawn from him than volunteered.

Mr. Fremantle liked nothing better than getting people together to talk, and he held a meeting for Bible study at his house once a month for the clergy of all the district of which St. Mary's was the Mother Church—Francis Holland of Quebec Chapel; Fowle of St. Luke's; Geary of St. Thomas', Portman Square, with their curates; and I may say for myself and for my colleague I think, that we owed much of the clearance of our ideas to those meetings.

One morning our Rector asked us to meet the Master of Balliol. To an Oxford man, as your husband was, he would have been already a familiar figure, but I believe this was his first real introduction to him. Of the fruitful intercourse that sprang up afterwards between them, I need say nothing at all to you, but as I am dealing with the beginnings of the great things in his life, it would be an omission not to mention that little breakfast party.

Something of what my husband felt for Mr. Young will

the picking of the pockets of
fair game, provided it was
words and whines which were

Incomplete as is the record
of the time it may well be
the new Curate that he found
Square, a parish which was
and the well-to-do of the
habited by casual labourers
occupied by the well-to-do.

Mr. Barnett's life was a life
the words of three of his
our faithful friends were
the Hon. W. R. French
the Rev. A. S. W. A. French
now the Vicar of Kensington
the second master of the M. S. S.
well-deserved repose as the
of his work giving the

(1) The Church, (2) The M. S. S.

(4) The Club.

The Rector wrote:

Barnett came to me by the name of
native Bristol and was a
parish in preparation for ordination
as a lay helper and preacher. He
prepared the books which were
very carefully and with extreme
diligent and faithful in all
special and original gifts which
fruits. He was a very kind
poor, and he sought their good
famous were at most in the
a humorous manner that he
company of some of the
he alluded to. We made of it
very early convinced that the
uniting in all its parts as
narrow it must be considered
I were Radicals in the sense

Mr. Young wrote:

My acquaintance with Barnett was
came together at once. I never found time to
I to him, but I may say I found him
me, as he did, an attended and

in their minds, and for which I am, I say, a little want of the art, on his part, in knowing how to put their thoughts and translating them into his. The same day were we at the service, and he could not at that time speak to me. I had an opportunity, I think, from the institution by our Rev. Father's permission, to deliver a short and a solemnly composed address to the congregation, and I thought it was understood that I should do so. I accordingly commenced upon one of the Lessons for the day, and, in my explanation, I made a vigorous expression, at the same time, of the influence of those who were needed to attend at that service.

My conduct, I believe, hurt our Mr. Young's words, for I was among the first who found his sermons out of touch with life and without vitality, and I remember long before our departure, still, sending a vigorous protest to him against wasting his opportunities of speaking to the people whose lives he was to save, and of whose need for spiritual food he was aware. The patient mockery with which he took my expressions still remains in memory, as well as his explanation that he was, and represented the line of thought he was then considering, which brought the obvious retort that it would be more profitable to the congregation for their minister to talk about the line of thought which they were then considering, and to bring it to the test of Christ's standard. It was strange that, serious as his way of uniting men through the Church, his sermons should be so often academic and impersonal, for even in his curate days he held that the Church should be the centre of life, that all men should be counted as belonging to it, and that its teaching should permeate every department of action.

In his recollections Dean Fremantle said,

"I have not a word to say in agreement with me in considering each person in the parish as a member of the Church of England and as a fellow worker in the carrying out of the high ideal for which the Church exists." Mrs. Barnett's excellent little book, *My Bishop and I*, shows this in every page.

Of Mr. Barnett's work in the schools Mr. Young wrote,

"He had a deep sympathy for his work in the school. The boys were his people, and the girls were his. The night would have been content with giving a simple lesson, but he must needs take up some other subject with the boys as well, and the latter class became a noted feature. The teachers were all devoted to him, and were always delighted to see him come in. His presence was an inspiration, and thrilled all the school with life and zeal. At his school we had an assistant inspection of our own once a week, with the hearty goodwill of the teachers who might have resented it as an encroachment to test the children's powers of thought and to bring out what was in their minds."

be gathered from the following words written fifteen years after they had ceased to be fellow-curates :

December 22nd, 1888.—We go down to Kingston to-night, and to-morrow I preach for Young. It will be pleasant to see him. He is one of the best of men and his friendship means rest.

Mr. Polyblank was an assistant master in the church schools, and the glimpses he gives of the personality of the young Curate add touches to the character we are considering. He wrote :

It was the charm and warmth with which he received and introduced me at St. Mary's Boys' School that inspired me . . . and it was out of respect and love for him that my first class of fifty troublesome London boys received me (a very young raw countryman) with submission and obedience. . . . He used to say, "The best thing to give is your heart." He keenly felt the unkindness of anyone who deceived or failed him, and that he met many of these human failures goes without saying, yet his largeness of heart would not allow him to drop or condemn any as utterly bad. One of two such human failures that I knew at St. Mary's, remarked on Mr. Barnett, that he was "humanity personified."

The impressions of these friends who saw my husband's first service in the Church are to me very interesting, for people rarely realise his love for, and faith in, the work of the Church. His efforts for social reform in Whitechapel were brought more prominently before the public than his religious work, but religion held the main place in his heart's core, though his acceptance of Miss Octavia Hill's dictum of "the nearer, the dearer, the severer" made him very conscious, and often impatient, of the faults of organised religion and ever anxious to reform the Church.

Dean Fremantle wrote :

Barnett took much pains in his Church work, though he was not a great preacher. . . I remember in a conversation which we had about preaching, an expression of his that the ordinary religious teaching was too much "a religion of death," and that what was needed was "a religion of life."

Mr. Young's memories were more personal :

I will speak now of your husband as I remember him in the Church. As the curates, the burden of preaching that was laid upon us was a very light one, one sermon a fortnight being our regular portion. Thus we had ample time to prepare, and we both took conscientious pains. He expressed himself in the pulpit vigorously, in emphatic, short sentences, never without real thought of his own. If there were some who found him difficult to follow, it was not from any obscurity in the language he used, for that was most simple, but from the thought not corresponding to what they had

... The houses were badly built and badly kept, the people of the poorest sort. A house was taken there and the two rooms on the lower floor thrown into one. This formed the Club Room. It held about twenty men and there were no conditions of membership. Subject to the limitations of space it was open to anyone every evening. Just a place where they could sit and talk, with a table or two for draughts, dominoes, or chess if they liked to learn it. That was all, no cards, no drink. Here he was to be found on the greater number of evenings every week, the centre of attraction to those who gathered there to hear him talk and to be drawn out by him. . . One was pretty sure to see a group, whatever evening one dropped in, in close intercourse with the master mind. Some characters amongst them I shall never now forget. One, older than the rest, held a kind of authority which all seemed to own, of sober judgment and the power of quiet utterance; another, a keen, irrepressible young Irishman, made no secret of his anti-English sentiments; a third, of the same blood as he, silent and brooding, probably one of the dynamite conspirators. Both these two were certainly Fenians. The talk was never frivolous; it was turned naturally upon the political, social, and industrial topics of the day. We heard much of the Hyde Park riots—how easy it had been to pull the railings down—of Gladstone, Bright, Beales, Odger; of the Gas Stokers' strike, etc., etc. One evening was set apart for a regular discussion—a "bate" [debate] as they were pleased to call it; sometimes he would read or lecture to them; now and then would introduce others to talk to them, or to gain information for their own minds about those of working-men.

To trace the beginnings of great movements is always difficult, but as St. Mary's parish was the home of the first Charity Organisation Committee and as Miss Octavia Hill, Mr. Fremantle, and my husband were closely concerned with its inception, it seems necessary to give a short account of the existing parochial machinery for relief previous to its advent. Mr. Young's account is:

Before the C.O.S. came upon the scene, the administration of Charity consisted of little else than the distribution of doles. In our parish there was an attempt at organisation made by the institution of a paid Almoner, and there were weekly meetings held, but practically the administration came into Barnett's hands, and the meeting did little but endorse his actions and recommendations.

The notable meeting which led to the formation of the first local Committee of the C.O.S. Miss Octavia Hill referred to in these words:

1869.—We are having a large meeting in the parish this week to try to organise the relief given; very opposite creeds will be represented—Archbishop Manning, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Mr. Fremantle, Mr. Eardley Wilmot, and others. . . Mr. Fremantle, the Rector of our district, and the main mover in the matter, is to call on me to-day. May some power inspire me with intellect and speech! I have hardly a hope that they will

The preparation of the course was not limited to the course, and I think it was the object of Mr. Barnett to tell them that they had been had been told.

To this account the fact

Barnett took a great interest at Oxford, interested in the class of his on the 18th Revolution and mentioned it was that a name for

This is interesting for the relation existing between the relation which grew into a

In Mr. Polythane's opinion, Mr. Barnett's opinions on the children are both

As an educational programme of the Government, the Government were not educated, they were Evening before for others to three it's failed to attract for grant-making programme cuts to facts. But Mr. want of power to alter in H.M. Inspectors.

Mr. Young wrote

Barnett had a 1923 because a notable member of the which turned out of a

Up to the end of the husband's friends, the Abbey service with notes such as the following

December 11, 1923 of you and grey

Twenty seven years after Warrenham, London back of the Square. It was good to be with some who had

[illegible]

The profound influence which Miss Octavia Hill had on Mr. Barnett it is impossible to describe. She came to him as a new revelation of womanly potentialities, for which his dear mother and the women he had known at Bristol had given him no indication. The Archbishop of Durham, himself a friend of my husband in those early days, has written:

I knew Barnett's father, mother, and brother, and doubt whether they contributed much to his work. Truth to say it was the Ottawa Hill at Leavenworth, the hill that the Lord laid out, who made the man, touching him with grace and a desire

And who, knowing Miss Octavia, could wonder that her noble influence awakened minds and hearts? For others who did not know her, it will be helpful to recall the temper of those who, doing, coppers to beggars and complained that their presence spoiled the pleasure of their walks, and to realize the wooden thought of the official which treated sufferers as "cases" to be relieved at the minimum expenditure of time and money, and then to contrast both with the words and thoughts put forth in a paper read by Miss Octavia before the Social Science Association in 1899. She said:

"Altogether, it is better that the system should be automatically arranged by a society; but I am sure of that, without strong personal influence, no radical change of character of a nation can be effected. Gifts may be pretty easily distributed to a nation, strong, that has half their grandeur, but, if we are to place our people in permanently self-supporting positions, it must depend on the education of action suitable to various people and circumstances, the product of which can be perceived only by sweet and blessed, generous, and reverent human love . . .

His knowledge of character means more than whether a man is a drunkard or a miser, a thief or a saint. It means knowledge of the passions.

place me on the Committee . . . to be admitted.

But this last fortnight was added. Miss Conway proposed me, and then I was daily with her and my mother from its very birth. The satisfaction is so administrative. I cannot do better than . . .

This was the situation. On hand a confused mass of side with the emergency, and meantime. "The magistrates of the and hopelessness of the office from day to day as to exaggerate the individuals confused and made upon them. "To see the world of their own time and were doing, and of of justice and order, bring order into the need was clear before which they expressed which would have not in touch with the had no standing as met and overcome the thinkers and the action, to give effect to

That "new" Society, usually called the

From the first Society was in contact with her. She offered her ideas, and in your husband's effect of her teaching which his modesty had driving wheels of charity.

About the same time by popular vote, which arrangements held of which took a great deal of the two brains whose authority of prejudice to be overcome and a